

THE CARBON NEWS

VOL. I, No. 34

CARBON, ALTA., THURSDAY, March 9th, 1921

FRANK PETERS, EDITOR

QUALITY | SERVICE

SAVE MONEY
BUY
**HEADLIGHT
OVERALLS**

outwear Two Ordinary Pair.

CLARKE'S WORK GLOVES
including
PECCARY HOG

**THE
COBURN STORE**

Limited
GENERAL MERCHANT

CARBON, Alta.

Just Received a shipment of
SPRING HATS

Also a good quality of Georgette
Crepe de Chine of all colors

UP TO DATE
MILLINERY STORE
C. C. TURCOTTE, Proprietor

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL

A BIG SALE OF
SHOES

A FEW PAIR OF
Ladies Shoes

TO BE SOLD BELOW
COST PRICE

WILSON BROS.
GROCERIES, BAKERY & CONFECTIONERY

Town Topics

Mr Jas. Harper is at present visiting at the town of Vulcan. Rumors has it, that Jim intends to leave us very soon.

We welcome to our town Doctor Gentry, who intends to practice here. His office is at present in the Carbon Hotel.

Mr Joe Bramley and Mr John Currie, who are sinking a well for Mr F. W. Morrison, have been successful in finding water at a depth of 22 feet.

Happened to scroll into the Carbon Hotel the other day, and we noticed something different about the Office. Quite an improvement has been affected by the addition of a large clock surrounded by small local advertisements. Evidently some of the advertisers thought it presented a good opportunity to "spring" something new on us poor "locals."

Miss Lizzie Baylis has relinquished her position at the Carbon Hotel. She is at present temporarily employed at the Alexandra Tea Rooms.

Mr James Ramsey has commenced building a house on his lots adjacent to Mr H. B. Bowman's residence.

Mr Len Poxon is a business visitor to Calgary this week.

Mr J. A. Quinn has severed his connection with the Hardware Store of R. B. Wilkinson. Mr MacLeod is the new manager.

Alfred Fraser, our genial Photographer, boasts, among his many other accomplishments, a distinct knowledge of the culinary art. But "we are from Missouri!"

Now Alfred made an Angel cake. It ab-so-lutely would not rise. Though Alfie put in lots of yeast, the cake, it "fell" before his eyes.

It is rumoured that Sandy Reid intends to take unto himself, a real housekeeper. No, Mabel, it isn't what you think.

Mr Jack Poxon was the lucky winner of the Raffle for the lovely photograph (by A. Fraser) of Carbon, last week. The picture now adorns the shelves of the Farmers' Exchange.

Rumors has it that one of our local Banks is soon to become a second "Garbutt Business College," where it will be possible to finish one's education in Stenography.

Having a little spare time on hand, we took in the big trial on Tuesday night, when our two local Taxi Drivers, George McNeil and Len Hay, were arraigned before Justice of the Peace, Hubert Peters, on a charge of not complying with By-Law No 14, of the Carbon village.

The Court Room (which happened to be the Alexandra Tea Rooms) was crowded to capacity, when the charge was read. Being a little short of space, we think it is not necessary to publish the By-Law of the Village, which applies to licensing Taxi Drivers, but in our opinion it seemed that the whole case "hinged" on a few words, i.e., within the village.

Mr J. J. Greenan was the solicitor for the accused, and it seemed to us that after the hearing all the evidence, it was only possible for the judge to give one decision, as the prosecution was a complete "bungle." To be critical, we cannot understand, why, when it was necessary for our Town Constable to conduct the prosecution, that he was not made conversant with the formalities of a Court. It is a great pity that some of the wiseacres who had previously argued the case out of Court, found it necessary to make our Town Constable the goal for the enjoyment of the Carbon public.

One witness, who was called by the prosecution to prove that Len Hay had charged him for the trip from Grainer to Carbon, when asked the question: "Did you pay Mr Hay?" promptly responded, that he had not paid anything as yet. This witness practically settled the case, and Mr Hay was promptly dismissed by the Judge.

(This article was not written by the Editor of this paper.)

THE **FARMERS' EXCHANGE** EVERYBODY'S STORE

We have just received our
Spring Shipment of
**COOPER BRAND
CAPS**

In the Very Latest Styles
Call in and look these over.

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE
GENERAL MERCHANTS
CARBON

CARBON MEAT MARKET
F. OWEN

All kind of Fresh and Cured Meats and Fresh Fish
Cured Meat in first-class style. A full line of Lard.
Pork Sausage fresh daily.

Your Satisfaction means our Success

Lumber is almost on pre-war prices and you can now
Built that House or Barn which you have
Delayed.

No Order Too Large and None Too Small

**IMPERIAL LUMBER
YARDS LTD.**

R. S. SHIELDS, Local Manager

REXALL DRUG STORE

We have just received
150
EDISON CYLINDER RECORDS
2 EDISON GRAMAPHONES
also a large order of Stationery

F. MORRISON, Phm.B., Dispensing Chemist

The Finest and Purest Tea Sold

"SALADA"

There is genuine and unmistakeable pleasure in its daily use.

Black - Green or Mixed Try a packet from your grocer, but be sure it's "Salada"

then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them.

"In the meantime I was unable to forbear groaning and shedding a few tears and turning my head towards my sides, letting him know as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning, for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

(To be continued)

It is always safe to send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

RIP VAN WINKLE

On waking Rip Van Winkle found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep—the strange men with a keg of liquor; the mountain ravine; the wild retreat among the rocks; the woebegone party at ninepines; the flagon.

"Oh that wicked flagon!" thought Rip, "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled weapon he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave men of the mountain had played a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain.

He determined to revisit the scene of last night's gambol and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a touch of rheumatism I shall have a bad time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the previous evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to

He told me what a Symbol, is how Santa and his toys Stand for the Love that parents give to little girls and boys But by and by, alone in bed, I'm afraid I shed a tear, For somehow Christmas ain't the same as Christmas was last year.

—Blanche F. Gile.

Then the Fun Began



Ready for Hanging

"The prisoner looks the picture of dejection." "Yes, and he says he's been framed."

Modest

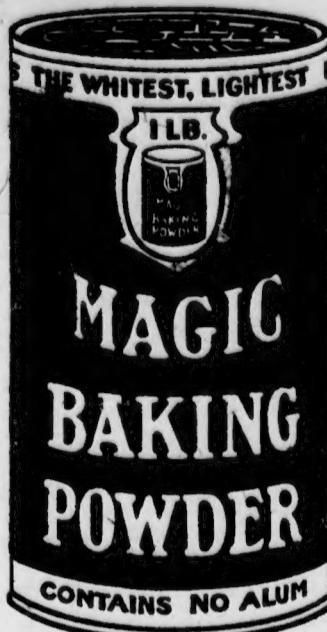
Ebb—"Why don't you wear calico any more?" Flo—"Oh, I just hate to see myself in print."

WANTED

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Conception" on request.

HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO.
PATENT ATTORNEYS
20 SHIPMAN CHAMBERS • OTTAWA, CANADA

INVENTIONS



CHRISTMAS CANDIES

Yuletide Nut Loaf—Put one and a half cupfuls of molasses and three-quarters of a cupful of brown sugar into saucepan and boil till the mixture forms a hard ball when tried in cold water, or when it registers 260° F.; then add a quarter of a cupful of butter, and continue to boil to 280° F., or until brittle when tested in cold water. Now add a pinch of baking soda, two cupfuls of stoned and chopped dates, one tablespoonful of lemon extract, and one cupful each of blanched almonds, walnut meats, hickory nut meats, one cupful of Brazil nut meats and pecan nut meats broken in small pieces. Pour into a buttered loaf pan, and leave in a cool place for twelve hours. Turn out and cut in slices. Wrap the slices in waxed paper.

The candy should be stirred all the time it is cooking.

Plum Pudding Delight—Into a large saucepan put three pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar and one cupful of water, and stir over the fire till thoroughly dissolved; then add an eighth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and boil without stirring to 290° F., or until a little is brittle when tried in cold water. Pour out at once on a large buttered platter. When cool enough to handle, pull until white; then knead in one cupful each of chopped figs, two cupfuls of blanched and chopped nut meats, one teaspoonful of almond extract and one and a half cupfuls of chopped candied citron peel. Turn into a buttered pan and sprinkle a little powdered nutmeg over the top. Leave in a cool place overnight to harden.

Holiday Prunes.—Select the best prunes, soak them in cold water overnight and stew them in the same water until tender, then drain and cool and remove the stones. Into a saucepan put one and a half cupfuls of sugar, half a square of unsweetened chocolate and three-quarters of a cupful of milk and boil to a thick syrup. Now add half a cupful of chopped nut meats, take from the fire, add half a teaspoonful each of vanilla and rose extracts and beat until creamy. Fill the prunes neatly with this mixture and press together. Dip the prunes in stiffly beaten white of egg, roll in plenty of pink, or green sugar and set in a warm place to dry.

He'd Be "Fired" Too!

Chief Electrical Engineer, questioning Applicant: "What would you do if lightning struck and exploded our apparatus?"

Applicant: "Go up with the report, sir."

A Licensed "Driver"

Biggs: "Our carpenter can drive nails like lightning."

Jiggs: "How's that?"

Biggs: "Well, you know, lightning seldom strikes twice in the one place."

BE AN ARTIST

Experts Earn \$50 to \$100 a week
We teach you at home in a few months. Our graduates are in demand. One was recently placed after just 5 months' study. Write for particulars.

SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
395 Yonge St., Toronto

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

For the past fifty-five years this bank has given particular attention to the business of Farmers. We have helped many over the rough places, and have aided many more to the highest plane of success.

We are prepared to extend you every legitimate aid in your farming operations.

Come in at any time and talk over your affairs with us. You are always welcome.

J. O. A. LETOURNEAU
LOCAL MANAGER

We carry a good stock of BUILDING MATERIAL

In all lines

Also Fence Posts, Water Tanks, &
Can't Sag Gates.
At Prices hard to beat.
See us before you buy.

Free Architectural Service to our Costumers.

CROWN LUMBER CO.

A Safe Place to Trade.

C. THOMPSON, Manager



Dorothy Phillips
in "ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN"
UNIVERSAL JEWEL

Carl Laemmle
offers
Dorothy Phillips
in
**ONCE TO
EVERY WOMAN**
on
Wedn. March 23

in
**FARMERS' EXCHANGE
HALL**

DRAYING
and
COAL HAULING
at reasonable prices

HARRY DOLING
CARBON

JOS. J. GREENAN, B.A.

Barrister, Solicitor
and Notary Public
(Also of Ontario Bar)

Local Agent for
Dominion Life Assurance Co.

Farm Lands and Town Lots for sale
CARBON Alberta

CARBON HOTEL

Thirty Rooms
Electrically Lighted throughout

J. W. BAIRD, Proprietor

DRAYING AND TEAM WORK

done by

TRUMBLAY & GRAY

Reasonable Prices and no waiting

Anybody having SICK ANIMALS or
being in danger will do well to let us
know, as we never lose a chance to
cure or heal them

ARTHUR FLETCHER

THIS IS TO REMIND YOU

THAT

JOE WILLIAMS

"THE LANCASHIRE LAD"

Celebrated English Comedian

Assisted by His

ALL-STAR BRITISH COMPANY

will be in

CARBON FARMERS' EXCHANGE HALL

on

THURSDAY, MARCH 17th

"JOE" will sing:

"I Think I'll be Going 'Ome Now."

"Liza 'ad 'old o' Me 'and"

"John Willie Come On."

And many other favorites which have

made him popular.

Sole Direction WALLACE GRAHAM

MISS RUTH ELLIOTT

A.R.L.I.

Private Maternity Home

ROCKYFORD

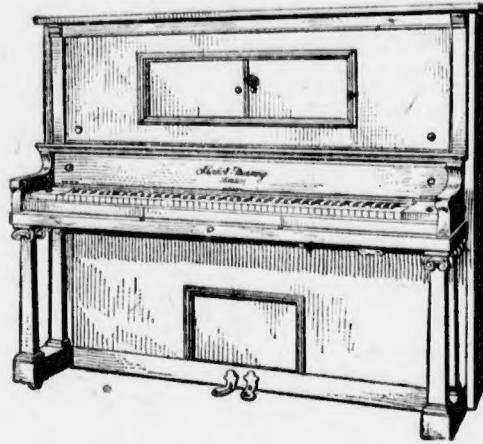
Write for Particulars

CARBON BILLIARD HALL

H. M. THORBURN, Prop.,
has opened his new quarters next to
Post Office

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO,
AND PIPES
always on hand

CANDIES and SOFT DRINKS



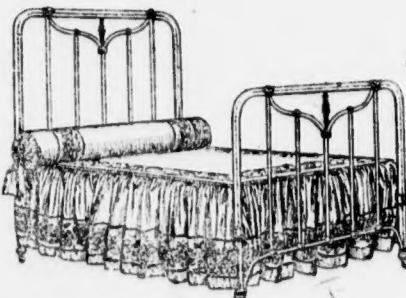
SOLD FOR CASH OR CREDIT

A Few Dining Room Chairs

in Sets of 1 Arm-Chair and 5 Chairs

FUMED OAK

To Be Sold at Cost Price



Mattresses

worth \$13.50

to be sold until January 30th at

\$10.00

Carbon

Furniture Store



A Real Christmas

No Christmas is a real Christmas to us without roast turkey, plum pudding and mince pies. The very thought of Christmas without these delicacies doesn't sound like Christmas at all, so accustomed are we to the associations.

We have been born and brought up with them, so to speak, our grandmothers and their grandmothers before them having kept to the customs even as far back as the ancient English times when ye Barons and ye knights would celebrate Christmas and the accompanying holidays in one endless round of merriment.

But Christmas Day was the "real" day for them and when it came around just once a year they had their roasted peacocks where we have our turkeys, their "plum-pottage" where we now indulge in plum puddings and then "mutton pies" that we now leave the meat ingredients out of and call ours "mince pies."

We may think we have pretty nice dinners on Christmas Day, but we don't even know how to go about it in comparison with the wonderful pompous spreads attended by our idle pleasure-loving ancestors.

Though their dishes were served up in a rather crude and unrefined way, and fingers were better known than knives and forks, still we have to acknowledge that when it comes to comparing the pomp and splendor of the meal we are just not "in it."

The boar's head was the first thing on their menus. It was brought into the dining hall on a monster dish of gold or silver and was heralded by a gay blasting of trumpets.

The "sewer" who carried the dish was followed by a gay procession of kniing' and ladies who sang a quaint song.

The Great Old Days

It was then set on the table with solemn gravity while a short service was said over it by "Mine Host."

Geese, capons and pheasants

drenched in amber grease, furnished other courses for the gay folk, while the peacock—proud bird—was their "turkey."

And it must have been a beautiful sight when served.

In preparation, the skin of the bird was carefully removed so that none of the gorgeous plumage would suffer. The bird was then roasted and when done and cooled was then placed back again in its plumage, tail and all. The beak was gilded and then it was sent to table.

Sometimes the whole body was covered with leaf of gold and a piece of cotton saturated with spirits placed in his beak and lighted before the carver commenced his operations. As with our turkeys, the inside was lined with spices, sweet herbs, and was basted with the yolk of an egg and plenty of gravy.

The service of this bird was not for common hands—no siren—ye lady of noble birth, and beauty was selected to carry it into the hall to the sound of more music. She was always followed by other beauties. It was then set before the host or the guest of honor and straightway carved.

So much for the birds—now our mince pies have a still quaint origin. Those ancestors of ours called them "mutton pies." It is told us that they baked them in coffin shaped crusts intended to represent the manger in which the Holy Child was laid. With the exception of the mutton that they used the other ingredients were the same as we have in our mince pies today.

In the old days they slandered our plum pudding by calling it "plum pottage." This they served with the meat course for Christmas dinner. It was made by boiling beef or mutton with broth, thickened with brown bread. When it was half boiled they put in raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger, and when the mess was thoroughly boiled it was sent to the table to serve with the best meats. In later days it was called, "plum pudding" when some of the ingredients were changed.

The "Hired Girl" to be Supplanted

The terms "help," "hired girl," "servant" and "maid" are fast becoming obsolete. One hears now of the "home assistant" and other titles indicating that the work of the old time domestic servant is coming to be a trained profession, with a skill and dignity akin to those of other kinds of work in which the worker may take pride and engage in without loss of caste.

In the development of a larger independence and the spirit of the times it was inevitable that one or two things would happen: The "help" either would gain a closer relation to the family or would go out of its altogether, returning only when the job could be made compatible with social self respect. The latter is what has happened and is happening. A new title, a new personage, a new relationship, is coming increasingly into vogue, although domestic service in all its aspects still gropes along, tardiest of the trades to accept change and improvement, last to take advantage of labor-saving devices and modern relationships between employer and employee.

A fixed length of working day was undreamed of; the "hired girl" worked from early until late and then crawled away to some dark and inconvenient place—often next neighbor to the coal bin—to sleep until another dawn. Such conditions are unheard of now. No self-respecting woman would put up with them—no humane woman would expect her to.

Prudence Bradish, in discussing this question in the New York Post, says:

Several of my friends who have tried the newer system pronounce

it generally successful, and would not go back to the old way if they could. The professional "household assistant" comes punctually for a day of fixed length with extra pay for overtime. She knows her business because she has been trained to it. When she has finished her day she goes home or elsewhere, as she chooses.

This system calls for a greater executive ability on the part of the mistress; she must organize her household so as to make the best use of this trained service. This in itself is good, because under the old way she could conduct her house in a slipshod way, and suffer for that along with the servant whose work was retarded and confused by the shiftlessness of her employer. But if you accommodate yourself to the situation it is far more satisfactory than the old way with its succession of girls whom you had to train. If you pay more in wages—and that does not necessarily follow if you manage skillfully—you more than make up for it in lower grocery and meat bills, and in the definiteness of what you get for your money. You do not have to furnish a room or food, or pay for the girl's laundry. You can have the service at the hours when you want it. You can get your own simple breakfasts and have the assistant come in the afternoon as late as you please. You can have more than one if you like, and alternate their hours to suit your convenience.

Fortunate you are if you have one or more of the old fashioned kind. But if you have been struggling with a succession of fussy, high-and-mighty girls who demand exorbitant wages and

seek to dictate the ways of your household, although they do not know their business, try the new system. I understand that as yet this is possible only in the larger cities, but it is coming generally, and you can help it along by being perhaps the first one in your town to do it.

A friend of mine who has been highly successful with it gives me this caution:

"Do not try to institute the system with old servants. Do not try to specialize. Advertise for a home assistant to come in for eight hours a day, and see that she knows how and is willing to do everything but the heavy washing. I had fifty answers to my advertisement and a much more intelligent and satisfactory sort of girls. They come at the hour agreed upon, bring their own luncheon (for which they have an hour off) and work according to the schedule I arrange. When they are through they go home. If I want them for extra time or to stay there for the evening, I make a special arrangement and pay extra for it. They like it better, and so do I."

PLANNING GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Listen to the conversation of your friends and relatives and take notice of the little things they happen to mention they would like to have.

Your mother, for instance, may say that she must remember to buy a scrap basket for the guest room, or your sister may say that she wishes she had a blotting pad for her desk like Mary's. Such things should be jotted down in your note book opposite the names of those who have said them.

When you are out at other people's houses and see things you think are pretty, try to think of whether they would look nice in your aunt's room, for instance, or whether you know of anyone else who would like to have them. If you do, let them be put in your book at once.

Use your eyes and try to find the little conveniences and luxuries that your friends lack. When you are in their rooms or with them, keep your eyes and ears open.

Never under any circumstances give a gift that the recipient is not likely to use. Don't give a bag to one who never sews; don't give a little apron to one who never wears them. If you think of giving a table runner to a friend, think first of where she could use it. You may discover that she has not a table to use it on.

Another thing, be careful of colors. If you wish to make blotter corners for someone, look first and see in what colors her room is furnished. Don't make them red when her room is blue, or yellow if the room is in pink.

Don't keep from giving a gift because it seems too practical. A boy who is anything of a carpenter can make a number of very useful things for his mother, and she will be more pleased with them than if he spent his money on something more frivolous.

If you have brothers and sisters, get them all to keep note books. Get together some evening and compare notes, and you will find that you will get many helpful ideas from one another.

If you haven't much money to spend get out all the odds and ends of silk, ribbon, linen, embroidery silks and wools, little pasteboard or wooden boxes, and make up your mind that you are going to use every bit of the collection.

The little boxes can be painted or covered with the silk to make little trinket boxes for the dressing table; the linens will cover memorandum books and the little scraps of silk can be cut into the shapes of conventional flower and appliqued on with bright silks by way of decoration. Odds and ends of crochet cotton can be made into lingerie tapes or into a little edge for a handkerchief case.

A High Flyer

"If you are skilled in some particular pursuit, we shall be glad to let you follow it," said the deputy warden to a newly arrived prisoner.

"Thanks," said the prisoner, "I'm an aviator."

"A Happy Christmas"

What would life be without Christmas?

Not just that Christmas in which the happy holiday merry-making spirit is at its best when we most enjoy to bestow gifts and extend our finest wishes to those we love, but the spiritual Christmas that awakens in our hearts a deeper and higher sense of the real and true significance of Christmas as the birthday of the Christ Child.

What would life be without the belief in Christianity? What could it be without at least some little faith, some little hope in the history that for us began with the nativity in Bethlehem and ended in the Great Tragedy on the hill called Golgotha?

What would life be without that little conscious spark of Truth, which we sometimes call "religion" that is born to glow in every human being? Without that, what would be the meaning of life? and what could be the reason of death? From what source could we receive our inspiration for growth, or origin of kindness, tolerance, goodness, truth and love?

Without Christmas and Christianity our life would be an inexplicable riddle, without reason, without cause. But with it, we understand as the Great Plan in which we are a part, for better or for worse as we, in our understanding, are timid or courageous, weak or strong.

The contemplation of Christmas and its spiritual significance is not for moods of gloominess and despair. Indeed, if that were true, we would not have been given the sun to shine, the trees, the flowers or the birds. Nor could laughter and song be on our lips nor the beauty of people, places and things delight our eyes.

Christmas is a part of our lives. It is a time for great happiness. It was given to us as a day of rejoicing, and we should put into it all the fun, all the happiness, all the sunshine that we can.

"A Merry Christmas!"

Go home for Christmas this year. Christmas is the best time in the whole year to go back to the old home nest. Bring back to it all of the love and the happy memories that made home, sweet home, all, everything, that the words in that wonderful old song imply. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

There are other songs of other days—the patriotic songs of war that make the heartbeats leap with pride for what we were, for what we are. There are other songs of other days, "Sweet Hour of Prayer" and "Beulah Land"; "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Sweet Genevieve," when youth and love walked hand in hand. Old songs, all songs, may fade away and leave but one we call our own—a song to light the Christmas heart—"There is no place like home, sweet home."

Hang up the baby's stocking even if you have to put it inside of one of your own so that it will hold the little knick-knacks and goodies. Have a Christmas tree. It does not have to be so big, just big enough to let your heart expand with the thought that into the young minds of the little folks you are painting a picture of some thing bright and beautiful that is a symbol of love.

Get back again to the old home dinner table. If you can't have a turkey, have a chicken; if you can't have a chicken, have a goose or a duck. It doesn't matter so much what is on the table as it does that around the table are those on whom has fallen the great blessing of having loved ones, and whose home is hallowed by a mother's love and the fun and laughter of children.

Go home for Christmas this year.

One of the good things to remember at Christmas time is that everything in life is comparative. There are no superlatives. No matter how little we have, there is some one who has less; no matter how much we have, some one has more.

A man I know very well whose fortune now runs into millions of dollars told me once that he had never been so poor as he had been since his income passed twenty thousand dollars a year. I thought I would like to be "poor" that way, just once, to try it. But what he meant was that as his income grew his wants and his desires and those of his family increased more rapidly than his wealth, which caused him more unhappiness and worry than when he was making less and he and his family, especially his family, had not costly social aspirations and love of the elaborate display.

So at Christmas time it is well to recall that it is the internals, not the externals, that count. Not how many lights your neighbor has on her Christmas tree, but how many little lights of happiness are glowing in your own heart.

You do not want to be niggardly. It is a fine thing to be able to give fine gifts, sensible gifts, useful gifts, expensive gifts, amusing gifts. But do not put yourself in needless and unhappy competition with some one who has more and can give more. Christmas is for happiness.

FIRST CHRISTMAS

By Georginana Browne

A little babe came to the world, His fingers clasped, his small toes curled; And by the manger where he lay The cattle stood and munched the hay.

A little king came to the earth And wise men came with gifts of worth; And where he lay within the fold The sun and moon spread cloth of gold.

A little Son of God came down To show the way and wear the crown, And o'er the manger where He slept Heaven's brightest star its vigil kept.

UNUSUAL COLLAR AND CUFF SET

This collar and cuff set is very simple to make and is inexpensive. The collar consists of a straight piece of material, either handkerchief linen, voile or organdie. It is about five inches wide and a suitable length. It is hemmed by hand and a running stitch of black floss embroidered along the hem. This gives the appearance of hem stitching. For trimming rambler roses are added by merely running a thread in and out around a circle. These roses can be made of three shades, such as lavender, pink and yellow. The cuffs are made in the same way.

LINGERIE BANDS

Lingerie bands for holding camisoles, skirts and nightgowns make an unusual gift. These are made of ribbon and lace. The ribbon is as long as desired and a strip of it contains a piece of rubber causing it to shrivel. This shrived section is edged with lace and trimmed with tiny ribbon roses. The shrived section holds a strip of wadding filled with sachet.

FOR YOUNG GIRLS

A fudge apron is always a welcome gift to a young girl. It is made of huck towelling. A piece is cut out for the neck opening. The apron reaches down to about the knees. A narrow belt is attached and a pocket. The bottom of the apron and the neck and belt are finished off with a large button hole stitch and an appropriate pattern is embroidered on the front of the apron.

THOMAS AGREED

Whack, whack, whack! Tommy was undergoing a painful punishment at the hands of his loving mother for eating the jam.

"Tommy," she said seriously, when she was forced to pause, "this hurts me far more than it does you."

And when Tommy was alone with his brother he produced a square board he had concealed, and thoughtfully murmured:

"I thought all along that bit of wood wouldn't do her hand any good!"

Beauty Is Not Only Physical Perfection

It Is as Varied as the Flowers and Almost Entirely a Matter of Taste

Following on Mrs. Asquith's recent pronouncement regarding the failing charms of women, much has been written to show that women are as beautiful as ever they were. The writers, and those who favored them with their opinions, seemed to take the stereotyped lines of the physical, of face and figure, set by great painters of the past, as the final and universal standard of beauty.

Have those writers thought in to what depths of pessimism their rather shallow conceptions of beauty may have thrown thousands of charming women whose physical outlines do not conform to the standards laid down? Especially such women as are endowed with a high mentality and the sensitiveness that goes with it? They did women in general an injustice by ignoring, or failing to see, that beauty in women is as varied as the flowers of the field or the tints of the sky from dawn to sunset.

A quasi-exception or two spoke of character or soul as the only source of beauty. Those were nearest the truth, though their views were too rigid, and if a woman had to be aggressively good to be fascinating.

The desire for beauty is an all-powerful passion in all women. The woman who denies this is not sincere, or is deceiving herself. The desire is as inherent in her nature as the color of her eyes is unchangeable. George Eliot, who loved to delineate beauty, and did it with a fairy's wand for a pen, once said that she would gladly have given up all the fame she had earned if only she had been born beautiful.

We all know that practically all women resort to artificial aids to beauty—to aids that preserve and enhance the charms that nature gave them. But why? To enjoy the open though unspoken admiration of the men (we need not include women) they meet in public or in social intercourse? By no means. The passion for appearing beautiful, which urges the use of artificial aids, has but one object in view—to fascinate one man. And that man is the shadowy figure that haunts the fairy fields of romance that bloom in every woman's mind and soul.

Sooner or later that misty figure will crystallize into a reality, and then for him all women but one will fade away into little more than mere human beings.

From this it is not a long step to grasp the fact that beauty is as diverse and manifold as the minds of men are diverse and manifold. And we are told that no two human minds are alike, a merciful and wise provision of Providence.

No Rigid Standard

To stipulate certain lines of figure, contours of features, color of eye or hair, and to say that those alone constitute beauty, uni-

versally appealing is to deny women intellect, mind and soul. No presumption perhaps, is greater than that which denies a woman beauty because that woman has fallen short of or rather differed from, standards set by men whose minds leaned towards a certain type.

To be sure, certain requisites are necessary in all women if they are to inspire admiration. One is health—that is a sine qua non. Another is an absence of pronounced irregularities of face or figure; that is, abnormalities that throw face or figure noticeably out of proportion. These offend that instinct for order that all human beings possess and nullify to the overwhelming mass of mankind even great and lovely qualities of mind. Mrs. Barclay strove to emphasize this in her character, Lady Jane, in "The Rosary."

But no woman, free from the deformities—for deformities they are—referred to, can be denied beauty until all mankind has seen and rejected her.

There is something hidden in the unfathomable soul of every woman that has an appeal for some man somewhere. Once a man has been found who admires that hidden something, the woman must be accorded beauty. The fact that only one man sees it is no reason whatever for denying it.

A well-known author once said to the writer: "Why is it, do you think, that so many beautiful women—that is beautiful to the accepted standards—have never found a mate? It is because they belonged to a stereotyped class.

Their whole appearance was known beforehand to the men they were subsequently to meet. When they did meet it was for the men, like looking on a picture that had been before their eyes since childhood. There was nothing new to thrill them."

Let anyone look back on his own experiences and test the truth of the assertion.

On the other hand, all of us have seen dozens of women, in our own limited circles, who came nowhere near the standards laid down by men long since dead, yet who were worshipped by men—and by men to whom they could not deny splendid qualities of brain and heart.

One word of admonition must be said of our Canadian women. It has been mentioned by one of the writers referred to. Do they know how heavily they lose by their use of slang, their carelessness in the use of language, and their often unhappy manners in public? One must conclude they do not, or they would never sacrifice a huge proportion of their appeal, of their undeniable charm to faults that, with a little of the care they bestow on their clothing, might be replaced by what would almost amount to a new personality.

Jack London says Cruelty at its Height in Trained Animal World

"I have indeed lived life in a very rough school and have seen more than the average man's share of inhumanity and cruelty, from the forecastle and the prison, the slum and the desert, the execution chamber and the lazarette, to the battlefield and the military hospital," says Jack London in "Our Dumb Animals." "I have seen horrible deaths and mutilations. I have seen imbeciles hanged, because, being imbeciles, they did not possess the hire of lawyers. I have seen the heart and stamina of strong men broken, and I have seen other men, by ill-treatment, driven to permanent and howling madness. I have witnessed the deaths of old and young, and even infants, from sheer starvation. I have

seen men and women beaten by whips and clubs and fists, and I have seen the rhinoceros-hide whips laid around the naked torsos of black boys so heartily that each stroke stripped away the skin in full circle. And yet, and let me add finally, never have I been so appalled and shocked by the world's cruelty as I have been appalled and shocked in the midst of happy, laughing, and applauding audiences when trained animal turns were being performed on the stage.

"One with a strong stomach and a hard head may be able to tolerate much of the unconscious and undeliberate cruelty and torture of the world that is perpetrated in hot blood and stupidity. I have such a stomach and head.

But what turns my head and makes my gorge rise is the cold-blooded, conscious, deliberate cruelty and torment that is manifest behind ninety-nine of every hundred trained animal turns. Cruelty, as a fine art, has attained its perfect flower in the trained animal world."

"Possessed myself of a strong stomach and a hard head, inured to hardship, cruelty, and brutality, nevertheless I found, as I came to manhood, that I unconsciously protected myself from the hurt of the trained animal turn by getting up and leaving the theatre whenever such turns came on the stage. I say "unconsciously." By this I mean it never entered my mind that this was a program by which the possible death blow might be given to all trained animal turns. I was merely protecting myself from the pain of witnessing what it would hurt me to witness.

"Practically all of us will weep red tears and sweat bloody sweats as we come to knowledge of the unavoidable cruelty and brutality on which the trained animal world rests and has its being. But not one-tenth of one per cent. of us will join any organization for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and by our words and acts and contributions work to prevent the perpetration of cruelties on animals. This is a weakness of our own human nature. We must recognize it as we recognize heat and cold, the opaqueness of the non-transparent, and the everlasting down-pull of gravity.

"And still for us, for the ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. of us, under the easy circumstance of our own weakness, remains another way most easily to express ourselves for the purpose of eliminating from the world the cruelty that is practised by some of us, for the entertainment of the rest of us, on the trained animals, who, after all, are only lesser animals than we are on the round world's surface. It is so easy. We will not have to think of dues or corresponding secretaries. We will not have to think of anything, save when, in any theatre or place of entertainment, a trained animal turn is presented before us. Then, without premeditation, we may express our disapproval of such a turn by getting up from our seats and leaving the theatre for a promenade and a breath of fresh air outside, coming back when the turn is over to enjoy the rest of the program. All we have to do is just that to eliminate the trained animal turn from all public places of entertainment. Show the management that such turns are unpopular, and in a day, in an instant, the management will cease catering such turns to its audiences."

TRY AGAIN

"Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try again;
If at first you don't succeed

Try again;
Then your courage should appear
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,

Try again;
Once or twice though you should fail

Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again;

If we strive 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should we do in that case?

Try again;

If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,

Try again;
All that other folk can do,
Why with patience may not you?

Only keep this rule in view,

Try again.

So the Boss Fired Him

"My tools went mad today."
"How come?"

"I left them near a fire and they lost their temper."

When John left home for Europe, his father told him to send a short wireless message if ever he was in trouble. One day the message duly came "collect" and this is what it read:

Dad:
S.O.S. \$ P.D.Q. R.S.V.P.
Son.

How You Can Make Your Hands Beautiful

compensated for, when you see that the ugly lines, like old cuts and scars on your fingers, are going away.

Even with the rubber fingers on, don't slice any vegetables against your thumb. Put them down on a slicing board and cut against that.

Use the rubber fingers when you are hulling berries or stoning cherries or stringing beans or shelling peas.

A dish mop is most essential in maintaining the beauty of kitchen hands. If you try, you will discover that you can wash dishes quite as successfully, without wetting your hands. A stiff, coarse little brush can be used for pots and pans, and some linked rings, sometimes called an iron dish-cloth, will help to scrape pots.

Cold Cream on the Kitchen Sink

A pot of cold cream ought to stand not on your dressing table, but over the kitchen sink. Rub a little in whenever you have had your hands in water. Rub a bit in before you draw on the canvas gloves. (Not before using the rubber gloves. The oil makes them very hard to get on.) If any operation gives you a dry, itchy feeling on the hand, put a bit of cold cream on, right then. Beside the pot of cold cream keep a lemon. Rub this over your fingers when they are stained. If you are slicing tomatoes, take the bits of skin which are left, and rub them on your hands, your wrists and your elbows. The acid of the tomato is a wonderful whitener and softener.

A piece of raw cucumber is splendid, too. After you have rubbed it all over your hands, like a piece of soap, take a tablespoonful of sour or sweet milk and repeat the process. Wash your hands, then, in tepid water. The nail brush should not be harsh. Use it as you do your toothbrush, gently but persistently.

One last but most important word. Select the soap for your hands as carefully as you do that for your face. Very hot and very cold water are equally bad for your hands. Rinse the soap off carefully and dry them thoroughly.

If your hands are cracked and chapped, get hold of an old pair of men's kid gloves, which should be at least two sizes too large for you. Before going to bed, wash your hands gently in a bowl of lukewarm water in which a tablespoonful of cornmeal has been dissolved, by putting it in when the water was boiling hot. Dry the hands thoroughly. Then, simply soak them with cold cream and put on the gloves. In the morning, remove the grease with another bowl of tepid cornmeal dater. This process, followed for only one week, will cure the most disgracefully maltreated hands.

A Scientific Tell-Tail-Tale

The farmers killed their cows and sent the tails to town for ox-tail soup. They found this quite expensive, so they just cut off the tails, letting the cows live. But they soon realized their mistake when the next year they wanted to sell the cattle; they had to sell them wholesale because they couldn't retail them.

A Sad "Tale" of a "Swallow"

"I heard your dog committed suicide today."

"Yes, he put his tail in his mouth and that was the end of him."

This Joke Is On Us

"What is your idea of a practical scientific joke?"

"The one which brings a dollar to my pocket."

Besides, Pneumonia Costs Less

"What's the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"

"One comes in bottles, the other in chests."

The Personal Side

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW

MR. PETER HOURIE

A Great Exemplar of the Mixed Race—Peace Maker Between Red and White—Hudson's Bay Man—Interpreter

Who was Peter Hourie? Many of your readers may know; but to many Peter Hourie will be but a name. Let Peter Hourie speak for himself. In the summer of 1901 the great half breed had been reduced to the rank of farm instructor on the Crooked Lakes (Broadview) Reserve, a victim to the determination of Clifford Sifton to reduce the expenses of the Indian Department at pretty nearly any cost. And he wrote to the Hon. Edgar Dewdney, the old Superintendent of Indian Affairs, the subjoined letter. It has never been published for the very simple reason that the proud old man could not bring himself to stoop to send it. Peter Hourie handed me the letter, and now thirty-one years afterwards, when Peter and the man to whom it was written, have been for some years in their graves, I give it to the public. It will be seen that Peter's language does not conform very well to the English standard, but I give the letter as he wrote it, for it is better so.

* * * * *

Lake May Reserve, July 31, 1901.

Dear Honourable Sir:

I beg to you most humbly to ask of which you know I have I think some more faithfully in all my undertakings as a faithful servant to the country, and the bringing of peace and friendship with the white and redskin or Indian in peace and harmony with each other.

My long service with the governing of the Indians of the country, I beg to ask of your most kindness to intercede for me now in my time of life in serving the government since 1880, besides years others before me in 1877 and '78 up to the present day. Has any one done for the government more than I have done. You know that when any trouble was expected I was always ordered to the place and as good luck would be have kept everyone in good faith towards the white. You know the year the Marquis of Lorne passed through the country I was with the party, when the Indian Commissioner sent me back with so many thousands (of dollar...) to Qu'Appelle which I delivered to the Indian Agent, Colonel MacDonald, and then was sent to Fort Walsh to induce the Indians, who were belonging to several parts of the country to return to their birthplaces. All this you know I accomplished the years of 1882 and 1883 as you may say with my life in my hand. All this I remind; they (the Government) may have overlooked, as at the present time I should think the Government would look into this, as now I am getting old being now in my 73rd year of my age, and being troubled with rheumatism and other ailments I must say my services are not as I would like to serve.

You know in the year of 1880 you could not get the Indian Chiefs to choose out their reserves, and I was called upon from Prince Albert, Sask., to talk to these Indians and got all of them to take up their reserves, and they are being living on them ever since. Now after all my services for the good of the country is the Government going to overlook all my good service and not allow me any recompense for all my past service. I must say the Government is giving me \$40 a month as farm instructor. I have acted as interpreter as well. This is a very small figure I think for the good I have done for the country. I think that the Honourable Government could give me more to live on and retire for the remainder of my days. Many men never has done for the country as I have gets thousands for pension for life. I would like to serve faithfully to the end. Hoping that you honourable gentleman will use your influence and do some good for me.

I remain,
Your obedient servant,
PETER HOURIE.

HIS CLOSING YEARS

Let me tell what I know of the closing years of the great half-breed peace maker. I think it was in 1909 that I was Peter's guest for three days on the Crooked Lakes Reserve, where he ranked as farm instructor. He had lived for a while on the high land where he could look out upon the prairie, but now he was located in the old disused Indian grist mill, which was in an embayed hollow by the lake side, and from which there was no view. He was badly wanting to get back on the open where he could look out. Peter was at this time over 80, and I found him suffering from rheumatism. I state, for what it is worth, that when we got fairly down to talk I heard no more complaints of rheumatism. Mrs. Hourie was away visiting her children in Regina, and a grand-daughter, about fourteen years of age, was keeping house. For three days Peter and I and the little girl held the fort alone. An odd Indian dropped in, and an occasional half-breed, but during the time I was there no white visitor came. I have wondered since what the little girl thought of me and her grandfather, for I don't think two old men ever roared and laughed so much since Adam. Peter was certainly not without dignity, but he also had humour. The way of it was that I would get Peter talking of his life and experiences, and when I thought he had done enough I would take hold and trot him through London and other places with the life of which he was not familiar. And so the talk oscillated between the old and the new, between ultra-civilized things and things very close to nature indeed. And I glimpsed a great soul; a great exemplar of all that was best in two great races—in red and white. I was the better enabled to do this, because all Peter's Indian reserve melted away in those three days, and I think I saw him as he was. And truly, he had nothing to conceal, for a more honourable man than Peter Hourie it has never been my lot to meet.

The Hourie House in Regina

When Peter was chief interpreter to the Indian Department which then had its western headquarters in Regina, he bought a frame house on the west corner of Albert and Dewdney, just a lot or two back. It has been swept away for several years. In the Klondike rush and excitement the Indian Department wanted pemmican made for the Mounted Police and others on duty in the Yukon, and, as usual, turned to Peter. Mrs. Hourie was a

grand old princess of a woman, as noble in her way as Peter was in his. With the assistance of a squaw, she made big store of pemmican at the old Hourie house. It, of course, was made of beef, but the beef was treated in exactly the same way as the Indians used to treat the buffalo, and the pemmican was of the very best. When Peter could no longer do any kind of duty he left the Crooked Lakes Reserve and went up to his old home in Regina, to spend his last years; and it was there he died.

A Last Meeting With Peter

Peter had once lived for a considerable time in the Prince Albert country. I was going into that district, and so I called on Peter to see if I could do anything for him there. I found him lying on the outside of the bed, dressed, and apparently not suffering. We had a great talk, and I promised him that I would call on my return, and report progress from Prince Albert.

While away I visited Mrs. Kennedy's farm, a few miles from Prince Albert. Mrs. Kennedy was a leading woman of the mixed race, and a cousin, I think, of the Rev. Canon Flett, who was at one time well-known in the Territories as a school inspector. I found the Canon had taken up his residence there, and it was a great pleasure to meet him, as I knew him extremely well—better than most. On the place was a log building, and this was pointed out to me by the Canon, as the building in which Peter Hourie had kept store for trading with the Indians and breeds, many long years before. The building was in excellent preservation. This was in the summer. On my return to Regina I started one evening to go up to Peter's to report as per promise. On my way I sat down to smoke and rest, on the wing of the Albert Street subway, and when I got through it was dark, and I thought I would not make so late a call after all. And in a day or so Peter Hourie was dead, and to my lasting regret, I never made that report after all. Mr. Hourie was a Freemason and an Anglican. The funeral service was from St. Paul's Church. I was there. I remember that among those present to pay a last tribute to the grand old man, was Jimmy Brown, who has since passed away.

His Father's Sword

We have dealt with Mr. Hourie's closing years first. We will now re-commence, as it were, at the right end of life's chapter.

Peter was born in 1827 in the Stone Fort country in the Selkirk settlement. His father was a native of the Orkney Islands, a tall, big man who had been a soldier in the British Army and who had fought as a cavalryman at the battle of Waterloo. His father had the sword he used in that famous battle, and Peter told me that as a boy he had often played with it. In the rebellion of 1869-70, his father lent the sword to some loyal half-breeds and he never got it back. Peter remarked that he thought the rebels must have got it somehow; and further told me that he had seen a scar on his father's side made by a sword.

Speaking of his family stock Peter said, "The Hourie family, my father's family, came from Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands. The graves of the Houries are in the Kirkwall churchyard. A man who had been there told me they were all awful lengths and that my ancestors must have been a race of giants. My father used to be in charge of the fort at the forks of the Red Deer River and the Saskatchewan. He was then in the service of the Hudson's Bay. He retired from the service, and had a farm at Park's Creek. The creek was named after a carpenter named Park, who came from the old country. The farm was half way between two forts—Fort Garry and the Stone Fort or Fort Selkirk."

Peter's mother was a Snake Indian. I asked him if she was a full-blooded Indian, and he said she was, but she had been brought up by Chief Factor Bird, and had white ways. Of this union there were seven sons, and no daughters. Mrs. Hourie had been previously married to a settler named Corrigan, and by him she had one son James, who was eventually drowned in the Red River, near the old Hourie homestead.

Religion: Prays in the Open

Peter's life as a boy did not differ much, if any, from that of any other son of a Selkirk settler. He was brought up as a member of the Anglican Church and during the whole of his life he remained in communion with that church, and as we have already seen, the last words said over his body was the Anglican ritual for the burial of the dead. Although he made no phrasical professions of piety, his religion was a reality with him, and he was not ashamed of it.

An old timer in the north country named Miller, told me that he came across Peter Hourie once, and they made camp together. Before they went to sleep he said Peter knelt down and "put up a real fine prayer, right in the open." Miller seemed to think there was something remarkable about Peter doing it "in the open", as if he would have expected him to slink behind a tree or something of that sort. But that was not Peter's way.

With the Hudson's Bay Co.—Pile o' Bones Crossing—Also a Free Trader and Farmer before entering Government Service

At 18 years of age Peter Hourie joined the Hudson's Bay service. Lord Strathcona, when 90 years of age, told us in the Regina City Hall, that he was never happier than when in the Hudson's Bay service, getting twenty pounds a year. Well, twenty pounds a year, or say eight dollars a month, was what the stalwart young settler started on with the Hudson's Bay Company. He was with the Hudson's Bay for many long years before a railroad to this country was ever dreamed of, but he also did some free trading.

Here is an extract from Peter's conversation as I noted it: "For 24 winters I had nothing over me only the canopy of the blue sky. No wonder I am crippled up with rheumatism. I was with the Company, but I also did some free trading. I was at the crossing of the Pile o' Bones. Formerly the Indians used to run buffalo at the crossing of the Pile o' Bones. They would make big corrals and the walls of the enclosure would be perhaps four feet wide and ten high, so that when the buffalo were driven into the enclosure they could not jump over or break out. I took part in all that. I have stood on Pilot Butte and seen the prairie black with buffalo. I was eight or nine years free trading. I was also farming in the Prince Albert district."

First Flour Mill Built in Saskatchewan in 1875

Peter said: "Myself and another man put up the first flour mill that was built in Saskatchewan. The other man's name was Beeds. It was a wind mill and it was put up on posts. The stones for grinding the flour were brought up from Winnipeg by one George McKay. They were brought up in wagons, not Red River carts. The mill stones were pretty large, so it required four-wheel wagons instead of two-wheeled carts. That was the first year wagons were brought into use. That was in 1875. It was Geo. McKay's mill, but Beeds and I put it up."

First Missionary

Mr. Nesbitt was the first white missionary that was there. He was there a year or two before me. He had a school there for the Indians. He was a Presbyterian. Then came Bishop McLean from Winnipeg. The settlers all drew together and built the log church.

(To be Continued.)

Benefit Of New Dishes

"Never ate it in my life."

Over and over again I meet people whose eating habits are confined to the most limited routine; they know eggs and chops, and potatoes and pie, but they seldom allow their tastes to wander into new eating areas. These persons persist in thinking as "queer" any food which falls outside their prescribed eating habits; again, if they have been accustomed to eat a certain food in one special way, they refuse to believe that the same food would taste equally delicious if served in an entirely different manner.

The more different ways in which we can cook and serve the most nourishing foods, the greater delight and pleasure we will have in our meals. But further, the more different ways in which we can cook and serve the most nourishing foods, the less our food will cost us. The "steak and chop" husband costs more to feed than the man who enjoys spaghetti and goulash and vegetable loaf; the son who "cannot eat soup" and the daughter who "doesn't like vegetables" will make the food bills run one-fifth higher than the family who "likes everything."

If we think a moment, we will see how hundreds of persons limit the enjoyment of eating and increase their expenses solely because they refuse to broaden their food preferences. There is that family I know whom I secretly call the "library-paste family," because in that house everything eatable is smothered in a pastry white or cream sauce.

Then there is the family who "never heard" of bean loaf, or of using the outside stalks of cauliflower as a vegetable, or who never eat chicory salad, or beet tops, or carrot custard, or baked bananas.

In the past when I have recommended to women this venture into untried foods, I have always been met with the answer, "Oh my husband won't eat 'made dishes' or any of these substitute foods he must have chops and steaks." There may be exceptions, of course, but I seem to have noted that many, many husbands escape from the "best home cooking" quite frequently, and find their way downtown into little foreign restaurants where they can get chop-suey, spaghetti and risotto, a savory French ragout and gnocci and goulash, for which they pay good prices; and great increase in the number of such foreign eating places seems proof that even the common garden variety of American husband likes "queer" new foods, if those foods taste good!

The time to train husbands is before they are ten years old! So it devolves on the mothers of the present generation to see that they raise up a different race of husbands for the future, and begin to train the children in varied eating habits.

It has been one of the great assets of this nation that we have had such a varied food supply. But it will be a still greater asset to the nation if its women become mistresses in the art of utilizing that food supply to the best advantage. This means increased knowledge of food values, and the art of cooking plain, inexpensive, simple foods in appetizing, delectable ways. We want to eat foods we have never eaten before, because we must; because it will greatly increase our pleasure and delight to do so; because it is the best dietetics to have great variety and contrast in the diet; and—last but not least—because it will greatly benefit flattened household pocketbooks.

Try these plans: Two new dishes a week; setting a flat sum for a dinner and then trying to make a game of it by seeing how much value and variety may be had for that price; using the substitute foods in a totally new dish; copying a foreign dish; never using a vegetable in the same style for a two weeks' period.

"Pre-Matrimonial" Astronomy

It was a beautiful moonlight night and they were taking a stroll down the beach.

She: "Does the moon affect the tide?"

He: "No, dearest, only the un-

Women's Corner

A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS
BY A PRAIRIE WOMAN

I wonder why so many women have such bitter pangs at parting with their youth. Certainly youth has an attraction and a beauty all its own, but there is no more hideous caricature than a faded youth; nothing more ridiculous than a woman, or a man either for that matter, casting off the dignity and grace that goes with their years for a spurious artificiality. Youth is beautiful if it is youth, if it possesses what we mean by youth and that is freshness, spontaneity, open-handed generosity, health, clear-eyed innocence, nothing calculating, nothing blasé. Sad to say so many of our young women of today are young in years, but alas, so old in experience, they have no youth. When I see a little grown-up woman of fifteen, quite as sophisticated as some of the grandmothers, indeed, I would venture to say more so, I could weep for the youth that the child has never had, for the girlhood of which she has been robbed, by her upbringing and environment.

* * *

I have heard mothers say, not without pride, "I can do nothing with Mary she has far more advanced views than her mother. She comes in when she chooses, what can I do, girls are different now I suppose." Such a spineless statement. That mother is responsible for Mary. She, far more than Mary, is to blame if all goes wrong with her life, but she has started too late. She should have taught Mary to reverence and respect her when the child was still toddling and hanging on to chairs for support. Instead of this she has allowed Mary to grow up without restraint, allowed her to take the responsibility of her own life, and Mary has been robbed of her rightful heritage, her youth, and has become a little old woman of the world.

* * *

But I am wandering away from the point of my subject. I started out to say that youth is beautiful just as spring is beautiful, but that does not rob the other seasons of their beauty. There is still a resplendent loveliness in the summer, grandeur in the autumn and stateliness in the winter, which cannot be gainsaid. How it would upset things if autumn endeavored to be spring, and summer insisted on copying the graces of winter. Each age has its special work and duty in the world and I think it upsets things just as much when mothers want to be like their daughters and when grandmothers imitate the vagaries of "sweet sixteen."

* * *

One day at a railway station I saw an old, old woman with an attendant. She was very, very old, but alas her cheeks were painted and her hair was frizzed and her poor old figure which should have been resting in comfort on a down bed was corseted into stiff rigidity. She had her jewels in her traveling case, and for a few moments she mislaid it, and never shall I forget the horrible look of dread and greed which came over her painted face as she screamed at the attendant who tried to pacify her, but in vain, until at last she found

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the precious bag. Poor old woman I thought clinging so eagerly to the material treasures of earth which were all she had ever learned to value when she was so near her final destination where material things were of so little moment.

* * *

I have another old lady in mind. She has had many of life's trials, but she is as sweet and untouched by the sordidness of life as though she were twelve, yet her heart is tender and her ear sensitive to the sorrows of suffering humanity. She was beautiful in her girlhood and she passed gracefully into each phase of her life, the years not taking away but adding new graces to her loveliness. She was called in her teens the "Lily of the Valley," by some, and though she is past seventy and her hair is silver, her blue eyes are still unshaded and her face still possesses the smoothness and softness of that pure, white flower. She is, of course, quite old-fashioned. She reads her Bible and I know a little grandson whose pastime, when he feels in a quiet mood which is only occasionally likes to take the "Good Book," pick out a verse or chapter at random and then try to catch grandma, feeling sure that some day he will pick out a text and she will not be able to tell him exactly where it is, but so far he has not been successful. Her daughters are grown women with married children of their own, but they reverence and love the little mother who has ever been so wise and gentle. Hers is a beautiful old age indeed.

* * *

In these times which are called "modern" let us be sane. It is not sanity for forty to try and emulate sixteen; it would be saner methinks for sixteen to desire to be as wise as forty. Let us, therefore, who have reached years of discretion, put such grace and beauty into our lives as each year passes that youth will desire to be like us and will look forward to the days when they will possess the wisdom and balance which should come with the years. How much better it would sound, don't you think, for a daughter to say "Ah, if I only had the grace, the poise and wisdom of mother, how happy I should be; perhaps if I try I shall be like her when I am as old as she is," rather than for a mother to think "If I only were as slight and willowy as Mary; if I could only be as youthful as she is; if I were as gay and inconsequential, how happy I should be." Any sensible person will agree that the latter attitude which is actually taken by many matrons who should have more intelligence, is absurd in the extreme and cannot tend to the improvement of the next generation. Let us feel our dignity as wives and mothers. What reason is there for us to desire to be like some young miss who has all her lessons to learn and whom we should be ready to give a helping hand over the stiles which are sure to come in her path.

* * *

As stated in a previous issue, a prize of one dollar will be awarded for the best household hint or recipe sent in to this page. Perhaps you have discovered some labor saving device which you think would be of use to some other woman on the prairie. If so, write and tell us about it. Address your letter, "Prairie Woman," 903 McCallum Hill Building, Regina, Sask.

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* * *

Why Professors Go "Bugs"

A student in zoology pinned together a grasshopper's head, a cricket's body and a butterfly's tail. To fool his professor, he asked: "What kind of a bug is this?"

Prof.: "Did it make a humming sound when you picked it up?"

Student: "Yes."

Prof.: "Then it must be a humbug!"

CUTICURA HEALS PIMPLES

In terrible rash on face which made skin sore and inflamed. Irritated face by scratching and was disfigured. Could not sleep well and made feel unpleasant. Trouble lasted 3 months before used Cuticura and after using 2 cakes of Soap and 1 box of Ointment was completely healed.

From signed statement of Miss Gladys Neale, R.R. 3, Brussels, Ont.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else fails.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

"Cuticura Soap shaves without mug."

"Martha"

THE HOME OF HER ADOPTION
BY E. L.

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There was a long weary wait at the railway station and it was cold. Little Glory's eyes with the unwonted fatigue had blue rings around them; her face was ethereal and the golden curls which the damp had tightened into hundreds of fascinating little ringlets shone like gold amid the murky dimness of that cheerless dawn. Martha looked at her compassionately and then wrapped a black shawl which she had picked up from the cabin ere they fled, around the shivering little form.

Suddenly a tall, kindly faced man about forty years of age who had been observing the two closely, stood in front of them and said "Cold children?"

"Oh, we are," exclaimed another little group close at hand, "we are cold and hungry too."

"What about you?" smiled the man, speaking to Martha. The child had been warned many times against making friends with strangers and she looked at him carefully before replying, then said.

"Yes sir, we are pretty cold, but then everyone has been unfortunate on the trip, and I think Mrs. Laird is doing her best to get us something warm to drink and something to eat."

"Yes I am sure they are," he agreed, "I think I will go and see if I cannot help them, because you all look as though you need something, then I will come back and perhaps you will talk to me," he smiled.

Martha smiled and nodded too as he went away because her instinct told her that he was good and true and would be a friend to them if they needed one.

"Oh Marfa," Glory always said "Marfa" when excited, "Isn't he a beautiful?"

Martha laughed outright. "I don't know about beautiful Glory but he is very handsome and so kind."

"That's the kind of man I am sure was your farver, Martha," said the younger child, forgetting her cold and hunger in the excitement of weaving her favorite romance, which always was connected with the virtues and possible beauties of Martha's parents.

Their new found friend was evidently very successful in getting what he went to look for, because in short order it seemed to the tired little wanderers that all the people who had been on the ship other than themselves were serving them with hot tea and coffee, hot soup, sandwiches, broiled and hot milk.

Tears streamed down many a gentle woman's face as she gave food to some tired little one who

EARN MONEY AT HOME

We will pay \$15 to \$35 weekly for your spare time writing show cards; no canvassing; we instruct you and keep you supplied with steady work. Write or call BRENNAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM, DEPT. A, CURRIE BLDG., 268 College St., Toronto.

Woman's Share in Fire Prevention

In progressive Ontario they had this autumn, a Fire Prevention Week. It would be a good thing for our country if they had no fewer than fifty Fire Prevention Weeks during the year, and not only in Ontario but in every province.

Every year we in Canada throw away twenty-four million dollars. Imagine twenty-four millions going up in flame and smoke! Imagine all the things this twenty-four millions might accomplish for the good of the community.

We might spend it on good roads, greatly needed all over our beautiful country. We might spend it on school houses and have every village properly equipped. There is no end to the good we might do if we would only save this money and put it to some useful purpose.

The vast majority of these losses could have been prevented by a little reasonable care. In a great number of cases the lack of care has to be laid at the door of the women.

Coal oil is a wonderfully fruitful cause of fire. How many women burn themselves and burn their houses and their belongings by trying to freshen up a dying fire from the coal oil can?

One would suppose that all women would have sense enough not to take a can of coal oil near a fire, but they have not. They risk their lives and the lives of their families by criminal carelessness. They take such desperate risks. A soldier in battle hardly takes greater risks than many a woman with inflammable kerosene. So in the first place let us warn all women to exercise the utmost caution with respect to lamps and fires.

Another fruitful cause of fires is carelessness with matches and lighted candles. I shall not say anything about the criminal manner in which men throw cigarette and cigar ends about and half-extinguished matches. Just a few days ago in a big office building I stopped to crush out the smouldering end of a cigarette which had been thrown by the wooden base board. It is only equalled by the way some women go about with lighted candles. A friend recently went into a dark cupboard to look for something. She carried a candle and an old evening dress of tulle blew into the flame and in a few moments all her clothes were reduced to ashes and charred remains.

The trouble nowadays is that people rely too much upon fire

had never known the encompassing wonder of a mother's love, and who was so small and frail and helpless to fight her battles in a hard and relentless world which has so little sympathy for the weak or the inefficient; and many a little child's eyes opened in non-comprehending wonder at the compassion which they saw on the faces which it seemed they had often visioned in dreams of the mothers they might have had.

"This is just what I wanted," sighed Glory, as she took a sip of very hot milk.

"It is just what we all wanted," said Martha, as she too drank her milk and ate her sandwich contentedly.

Major James Wilton, who was also an English baronet, had to confess to himself a strange interest in the two children who had attracted his attention, the one with her soft dark hair and the eyes of a Madonna, and the other with her brilliant little face and golden curls.

"And what do you think of coming to Canada?" he questioned Martha, who was inclined to be somewhat reticent where strangers were concerned, but this man's cultured voice and kindly eyes attracted her and she felt she could talk quite freely to him. "Well sir," she said brightly, "I haven't had very much to do with it you know, but I have no friends in England that I know of, and they say Canada is a wonderful land of opportunity for poor people, so I suppose it is the land for me. One's land," she mused, is really where one's relations are and the friends who love you, and if these are taken away then I cannot see that it makes much difference where you live."

(To be Continued.)

insurance. They insure themselves to the limit and then do not care very much if they do have a fire. If they knew they were going to be put into jail or were going to be fined if they had a fire they would take care not to have one. Of course, some fires cannot be prevented but by far the greater number can. I appeal to all our women readers to exercise the greatest caution in preventing fire.

ALUMINUM WARE MOST SERVICEABLE FOR BRIDE

We have had so many enquiries recently from young married women who are starting into the housekeeping game, asking our advice as to whether they should furnish their kitchen with aluminum utensils or those made of other ware, and our answer has invariably been—by all means aluminum.

To be sure it costs more at the start than other utensils on the market, but with a careful amount

And then, too, if you arrange of handling it will last for years, where they can be seen, aluminum your pots and pans in the kitchen looks so shiny and bright that it is a treat to look upon.

For the young bride who is contemplating the furnishings of her new kitchen with new pots and pans we will give a list of articles that are what she wishes according to her income.

First, there is the aluminum percolator for the gas or coal stove, but it so often happens that a bride is provided with an electrical percolator that this may not be necessary.

Then the large and small aluminum frying pans are almost essential. The small or large double boilers are always useful. Then comes the large or small tea kettle with the pretty fluted work adorning its sides and the slide-off lid. An array of small, large and medium-sized saucers are also essential, as well as pie plates of any shape or size desired. Other utensils to be revolved in are aluminum measuring—drinking cups—they can be dingy but not broken—aluminum spoons and forks, a spatula, salt and pepper shakers with "screw on" tops; fancy and plain molds, a large and a small tray, an omlet pan, a small and a large meat pan and, last but by no means least, a couple of aluminum strainers.

A Dominion Express Money Order for five dollars costs three cents.

The new minister, a chronic dyspeptic, was taking supper with the Baileys. It was a very formal occasion for them, and the whole family, including little Bill, were supposed to be on their best behavior.

"Have some roast pork!" said Big Bill heartily to the guest.

"No-o, thank you; pork doesn't agree with me," was the languid reply.

"Try some pickled tongue, then."

"No-o, I guess not."

"Baked beans?"

"No-o, thank you."

"Have some of this jelly!"

"No-o, I never eat sweets."

By this time little Bill was genuinely concerned. He leaned over and got his father's attention.

"I wonder if the old codger would suck an egg?" he suggested.

DR. ROBINSON'S FAMOUS HEALTH AND SEX BOOKS

Birth, Control, or the Limitation of Offspring \$1.50
Sexual Knowledge for Women 1.50
Sexual Knowledge for Men 1.50

Dr. Sperry's Famous Health and Sex Books
Sexual Knowledge Talks with Young Women \$1.50

Sexual Knowledge Talks with Young Men 1.50

Husband and Wife, A book of information and advice for married and marriageable 1.50

Ideal Married Life, by Dr. M. W. Allen 1.50

Treatment of Gonorrhœa 4.00

Talks on Sex Education, By Dr. C. J. Withrow 1.25

The Road to Healthy Old Age, or Old Age, It's Cause and Prevention, By T. B. Scott, M.R.C.S., Eng., Edinburgh 1.50

Send for Catalogue of Publisher's Sacrifice Sale

FREDERICK D. GOODCHILD

266 King West TORONTO

JAMES PHILLIPS
McLAUGHLIN and FORD GARAGE

FORD and McLAUGHLIN CARS.

If you want a good Second Hand Car call and see us.
We have one Ford in good running order and one
McLaughlin also in good order.
Will sell or trade for quick turnover, or will sell on time.
Also one new Top Buggy and Democrat at a Bargain.

REAL ESTATE LOANS INSURANCE

H. A. EVANS

Office: Municipal Hall.

ALEXANDRA TEA ROOMS

Ice Cream & Confectionery
Our new Stock of Candies
Just Arrived

THE STOP MINE

The International Construction & Mining Co.

Capacity 50 ton a day. Price \$3.50 a ton at the mine.
\$3.00 for Running Mine. \$1.00 for Screened
For this Month and next month only.

No delay in waiting as we can load 3 teams at the time.
JAMES AIELLO, Manager.

NOTICE

If you are figuring on Installing a Furnace or
Troughing your House, I can save you money.

I also do Repair Work

Bring Your Pails and Pans that have Holes in
them and have them Repaired

C. E. HANNAY, Tinsmith

W. A. BRAISHER

SADDLER and HARNESS MAKER

invites you to call in and see his stock of Harness for Spring.
He has 50 sets to choose from and will be pleased to show
you how you can save money, when buying Harness.

Now is the Best Time to have your Kalsomining
and Papering done. It will cost you much
less than if you wait until Spring.

Out of town work receives prompt attention

Albert Heys

Painter and Decorator

P.O. Box 109

JOHN KANERVA
AUTO PAINTING

is our specialty. We paint your
Car from \$15.00 up.

THREE HILLS PAINT SHOP

WANTED FARM TO RENT. I
wish to rent half section farm with
stock and implements.

L. L. MARTIN,
Box 167, Carbon.

POSITION WANTED by married
couple, no children. Man Gas Engineer
(prefer Rumely Oil Pull), can guar-
antee satisfaction. Wife Al Cook,
Write to FRANK WICKER,
p 2-4 Gen. Delivery, Calgary.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

There will be mass next Satur-
day the 12th, in the Catholic
Church, at 9 a.m. Instead of
Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Service will be held at 7.30 P.M.
Rev. Mr Robertson will preach.

We would like to hint to George
McNeil that it was not necessary to
take over the City Fathers after his
case being dismissed.

Our advise to these Stage Drivers
is to drop 'em off at the bridge. We
remember in the good old days, walking
into town from the bridge after a
little rebate off the usual fare.

Oh well, the Village Exchequers are
\$50 poorer, after the above mentioned
flasco.

We did not notice any of the City
Fathers sitting up in the Orchestra
stalls.

Timely Suggestions for our Town
Council.

Why not a tax on
Cats?

Mail Order Houses?
Well Diggers?
B-Lo?

Week-end visitors?

We wonder if Fred Morrison really
relishes being roused out of his nice
cosy bed early on Sunday mornings.
We noticed last Sunday morning that
he had numerous callers and most of
them had a regular 'Sahara' look
about them.

One of our railroad friends com-
plained to us the other day, that he
had drunk the town absolutely dry.
We suggested him working out on
Harry Elliott's well, but he evidently
did not approve of that. Saw the
same gentleman later on in the day,
and we suppose he must have discov-
ered the M & P Cache.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs Vin-
Castiglione is indisposed and sincerely
hope that she will soon be "up and
about" again.

We noticed strange faces at our lo-
cal movie last Saturday night. Mrs
Fred Ives and Mrs Harry Downe and
little Georgie Ives were evidently cele-
brating the advent of Spring.

WAS THIS A 'KANGAROO' TRIAL?

Mr A. Hay and Geo. McNeil, who
are operating a stage between Car-
bon and Grainger were served with a
summons to appear before Justice of
the Peace, Mr Hubert Peters, on
Tuesday evening and had been advised
during the prior week that the Vil-
lage Council had imposed a tax of
\$25.00 per year on drivers of tax-
cabs or taxi-livery conveyances,
which tax they refused to pay, claim-
ing that the Council had no authority
to impose said tax.

Messrs Hay and McNeil were repre-
sented by Mr J. J. Greenan, Barrister
of Carbon. Mr Arthur Fletcher ap-
peared in behalf of the Village.

The Village snow'd that Mr Hay
and Mr McNeil carried passengers to
and fro from Grainger and charged
for the livery service, but Mr Greenan
plainly showed that the 'Village
Act' would be misconstrued to read
otherwise than (within) the Village
and the case was dismissed by Mr.
Peters for lack of evidence on behalf
of the Village.

We all realize that our Village does
need all the taxes that it is possible to
collect (legally) as there will be
considerable expenses to cover during
the ensuing year and we also know
there is something over \$3000 in taxes
overdue at this time, which if
paid would help considerably.

Considerable interest was shown by
a large attendance of our citizens and
we noted that our Honorable Mayor
and Councilmen were present and
their presence was the more noticeable
owing to their extreme silence during
the prosecution of the case, it appears
that they merely told the Village
Constable to 'go to it', but they failed
to back up the charge, e wonder why?
(A Local Correspondent.)

Dr. Robert Gentry

former House Surgeon of the Calgary
General Hospital, has located in Car-
bon to practice his profession. Dr.
Gentry is a former soldier, being a
surgeon M.O. in the late war. The
doctor comes prepared with a good
equipment to meet any emergency in
sickness.

Doctor Gentry is a graduate of the
John-Hopkins Medical College of Bal-
timore, Maryland and has studied
abroad.

Doctor Gentry is now located in the
Hotel but is looking for other space
in town for a permanent office loca-
tion.

W. L. TOLTON

AUCTIONEER

For Sales and all other informations address to

HARRY EVANS, Clerk

ALEX REID & SON

Village Lots for Sale from \$50.00 up.

Also several Good Farms from 160 acres up to 640 acres
in size. The Finest Wheat Lands in Alberta.

AT THE
FARMERS' EXCHANGE

HALL

SATURDAY, MARCH 12th.

featuring in

ANNE CORNWALL

"THE PATH SHE CHOSE"

CALGARY LIVE STOCK

STEERS Close this week

Choice	\$ 8.00
Good Butcher	7.25
Medium butcher	5.75
Common butcher	4.50
Feeding	5.25
Stockers	4.00

HEIFERS

Choice	5.75
Good butcher	4.00
Stockers	4.50

COWS

Choice	6.25
Good butcher	5.25
Medium butcher	4.25
Common butcher	3.75
Stockers	3.75
Gimmers	2.50
Springers	65.00

OXEN

Choice	4.50
Common	3.50
Canniers	3.00

BULLS

Choice heavy butcher	4.50
Medium butcher	4.00
Canniers	3.00

VEAL

Choice light	7.00
Heavy calves	4.00

SHEEP

Wethers	7.50
Ewes	5.50
Lambs	10.00

HOGS

Off cars	14.75
--------------------	-------

How Many?

How many auto accidents are
due to faulty vision? Recent
tests have shown that many
drivers are so near sighted that
they cannot see 20 feet; others
again are far-sighted and un-
able to see objects within a
close range of vision. AND
NOT ONE OF THESE DRIV-
ERS KNEW HIS SIGHT
WAS IMPAIRED.

Let us test your vision and
supply glasses if you really
need them.

At Aeme, March 11th.
Carbon, March 12th.
Three Hills, March 15th.
Swallow, March 14th.

M. MAX. MECKLENBURG